

## **Endless Night**

***That drowning feeling you get when a sip of spirit was flowed between your jaws with the burning through your chest and act like it was nothing. Is it for the taste or to be inebriated? A question it was. The cold breeze was a reason for goosebumps. A party it was, two gleaming eyes, wine red lips, with a face whiter than snow, she appeared out of the innumerable people. Then there comes another reason for goosebumps. But the next moment she disappeared, was she a hallucination. No wonder she must have been God's wife. Another sip of spirit goes in, and there she appears, yes that was her dazzling my eyes. Was it the spirit, another question it was. The closer I got I felt like the heaven was trembling with jealousy. Her gaze pierced my heart, more the spirit I had more the butterflies I got. "So is this why everyone drinks", was another question. Questions flow through my mind like a tsunami and my inner voice got louder and louder. There she disappears again, then I knew what to do, there goes and shot. There comes a desire to taste her lips, why is my brain allied with the heart, they were supposed to be enemies. The night seems not yet to***

***end, but there comes an end of the spirit.  
The closer I got to her she fades away. Then  
there was the reason to drink until the end,  
so has the night not yet to approach the  
edge.***